

THE ODDEST OF ALL
ODDITIES,
BEING,
AN ODD BOOK OF ALL THE
ODD SERMONS,
THAT HAVE BEEN

Preached in the Fields, and such odd Chapels,
IN EVERY
ODD YEAR, ODD MONTH, OR ODD DAY
SINCE THE ODD YEAR SEVENTY ONE:

Humbly dedicated to the Use of those odd Gentlemen
who shew the odd Strength of their odd Lungs,
every odd Opportunity in the above odd
Chapels, &c.

To which is added, as an odd End to the odd Book,

THE MOST CURIOUS OF ALL CURIOSITIES,
CONSISTING OF
Curious HISTORIES, EPISTLES &c.

COMPILED
For the Use of every odd Subject of Great Britain,
From curious six inches to odd seven Feet,
By their odd and curious humble Servant,
ODDICURIUS.

PHILOSOPHER AND MEMBER OF THE ODD CLUB
OF ODD FELLOWS.

L O N D O N :
Printed at No. 50, Bishopsgate-Street, within, 1797.



ODDINGTON
THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE
OF ODDINGTON
L. O. N. O.
Printed at No. 20, Finsbury, London



THE ODDEST
OF ALL
ODDITIES.

METHODIST SERMON

FROM G. A. STEVENS'S LECTURE ON HEADS.

BRETHREN! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all do breathe-therein,) What are you drowzy, then I'll rouse ye; I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment case of your consciences, and whip the Devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you. I will, I will, I will—Even as the cat, even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall a-bout, so from the bottom of my voice will I bawl out; and the organ pipes of my lungs, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter—and the sweet words that I shall utter, will sugarcandy your souls and make carraway comfits of your consciences.

Do you know how many Taylors make a man? Why nine—Nine Taylors make a man—And how many make half a man? Why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even so have ye all been bound appren-

A 2

tice

tice to Miss Fortune the fashion-maker; and now you are out of your times, you have set up for yourselves you have, you have, you have. Did you ever see a man eating boiling hot hasty pudding? Do you know how many wry faces he makes when it scalds him; Just so many wry faces will you make, when Old Nick has nicked you.

My great bowels groan for ye, and my small guts yearn for ye. I have got the gripes, the gripes of compassion; and the belly ach of pity—Give me a dram! Give me a dram—Give me a dram—A dram of Patience I mean, while I explain unto you; what reformation and what abomination mean: which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter milk, and therewith made a sinful stirabout.

Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and Abomination, why that is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap tub.

Have you carried your consciences to the scowerer's lately? have you bought any fuller's earth to take the stains out? You say, yes you have, you have, you have;—But I say no; you lie! you lie! you lie—I am no velvet mouth preacher! I scorn your lawn sleeves.—You are full of filth; ye must be boiled and parboiled; yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladle full of, and then the scum and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over, and that is called the kitchen stuff of your conscience, which serves to grease the cart wheels that carries us over the devil's ditch, why, there is the devil's ditch, aye and the devil's gap too;—The devil's ditch, that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the devil's gap, that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn-Fields. And then there is the Devil among the taylors, and the devil among the players; yes, yes, the players, they play the devil to pay.—The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves

themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation—Tragedy is the blank verse of Belzebub; Comedy is his hasty puddicg; and Pantomime is the devil's country dance.—And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays, yes, yes, but you wont pay me, not till Belzebub's bum bailiff lays hold of you? and then you think I witi pay your garnish; but I wont though, no; you shall all lay on the common side of the world; like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devil's dinner.

—Put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat,
For 'tis with grief of Heart I tell ye
How much this preaching scowers the Belly;
How pinching to the human tripe,
Is pity's belly ach and gripe;
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

Do put some money in the plate—Pray put some money in the plate, and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away, even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back, and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the Barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
That I your preacher now may eat,
And then I will, when e'er you please,
With lifted hands on bended knees.
Say, sing and swear, that only these are right,
Who croud this tabernacle every Night.

OBRIEN'S IRISH SERMON,

OR, ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS-HOUSE LECTURE,

*Addressed to *** ******

And delivered in the character of an IRISH PRIEST.

[(Taken from his Lusorum.)]

SO, there ye all are, now, expecting, I suppose, that I shall slabbar and palaver ye, and come mother Delany over ye, who had a tongue that would carney over the very devil himself; but, before I spake one word to ye, I tell ye, first and foremost, ye are all (except some of ye, whom I see are not here that would be after giving me these brogues and this blankeen*) a parcel of brats of the devil's own nursing, and, secondly, ye slabber up wickedness as if it was butter milk or bunnaugh-clabber, thirdly, ye hav'nt a morsel of goodness in ye half so big as a schraugheen patatee, fourthly and lastly, ye don't care what becomes of your poor souls, though, when you come to confession, ye make such a hubbubboosing about them, augh, the devil will play hell with ye for it, and ye may say that I said so, for you come here with your beads and your credo's, and your ave-mary's, and to thump your craws, while perhaps ye are thinking whose throat you shall cut; nay, very likely, ye may cut mine before the next time I celebrate mass here, ye are a pack of such bloody-minded bog-trotters; for devil burn me, I dare say it was some one or t'other of ye who kill'd poor Te ady Balin O'Graugh, upon the blind quay, where, if it had not been for Jammy M'Gree and myself, the poor fellow had lost his life because of it. But you will be after doing these things, for all I put you in mind of them ever so often. Augh, ye carrying thieves, you'll all be damn'd for it as the Methodits say whether or not; so it dozen't magnify your howling and yowling about it, who for the devil

* *A loose great coat.*

devil is to find you in absolutions and indulgencies for nothing at all at all? if I do, the devil himself may stew me in Peg Gugararoo's fire pot—But why the devil will I be bothering ye about the devil, when you don't know who the devil is, no more than the Pope of Rome, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or nobody else; and therefore as you may like to hear a little morsel about him, I'll be after telling ye something concerning the same Mr. Devil out of charity to ye, that ye may know whether it be him or not the next time ye see him, or have any thing to do with him or he with you.

Arrah, believe me, my honies, he is a develish black ill looking son of a bitch, with a pair of eyes bigger than his whole carcase put together, and with a tail like a great big shila tree, which he pisses upon, and whisks about your eyes; and then ye can't see what ye are talking about, and so ye sputter out all manner of balderdash; but as nobody never would be seeing him, there is no knowing what colour he's of, for sometimes he's white, sometimes he's blue, sometimes he's—hurroo, Pat Mahoney, you son of a whore, up in the corner there, an't you ashamed of yourself, to be poking your fist up the girl's petticoats while I am preaching? arrah, you thought, I suppose, that I could'n't see you because I was looking another way——Devil fire me but you have put me out.——Augh, I know what I was upon—Sometimes the devil is black, sometimes he's all manner of colours, and sometimes he's no manner of colour at all, just as it suite him; and as for jumping the devil can't match himself for that, for he thinks no more of taking a flying leap from Patrick O'Fagen's, in Tipperary, to Jackey M'Owen's, in Tnskillin, than I do in peeling a potatoe; and as for where he was born, nobody knows that, or whether he was born at all, at all, or whether he was christened, (though he has had as many names on his head as there are hairs on his tail)

tail) because the registers are all lost—But however, all that I can say is to as much purpose as telling a cow to say the pater-noster, so I'll take no more trouble with ye, ye snivelling blathering thieves, ye, but let ye alone, till ye get to that half way house called purgatory, where the devil a drop of good whiskey you'll find, I can tell ye that, and therefore, without you leave a trifle or so behind for me, the devil a saint will I pray to, to help ye out—But as I see I have put melancholy upon the blade-bones of your faces, I'll be finishing my Sermon by concluding it with telling ye, for your comforts, that ye are not a bit better than a parcel of rotten potatoes fit only for the devil to fatten his hogs with.

THE SECRET DISCLOSED.

In the Itinerant Field Orators' Methodist Sermon.
FROM MASTER RUSSELL'S LECTURE,

Or, Attic Evening's Entertainment.

YOU that have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, and throats to swallow, draw near—Draw near I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among you—The crumbs of comfort, wherewith you must be cram'd until ye become chickens of grace, and are coop'd up in the hen coop of righteousness.

If your hearts are as hard as Suffolk cheese—or a Norfolk dumplin.—my discourse shall beat them as it were, on a cobler's lapstone, till they become as soft as a roasted apple—Aye, even as soft as a custard-meat, and melt in your bellies like a marrow pudding.

Do you know what Trade Adam was?—I say, do you know what Trade Adam was? if you don't, I'll tell you—Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the beautiful garden of Eden.

Well

Well then, do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden:—Ho! ho! ho! you don't don't you:—Then I will tell you.—His foot—his foot—I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden.—But he could not keep it there,—No, no, no, no, no, he could not keep it there.—For Lucifer's bum bailiff came behind him, tript up his heels and grundled him out again neck and shoulders—

I'll tell you a secret,—I say I'll tell you a secret, knees were made before elbows, aye, knees, I say, were made before elbows, for the beast of the field was made before man, and they have no elbows at all. Therefore down on your knees, down on your marrow bones, and pray for mercy; else you will all be turned into Belzebub's under ground kitchen, to make bubble and squake of your souls for the devils dinner.

A WELCH SERMON,

*Said to be preached at a FUNERAL by a MINISTER of
GLANGOTHAN, IN GLAMORGANSHIRE.*

Tearly Beloved,

I AM come here among you to make a creat preachment upon that dead pody. My text is the ten and twen-ieth chapter of *Maccabees* to verse indeet I cannot now ferry well remember, but I am sure it is dere, te words be dese *Fachilote de Orate* dat is to shay Vatch and Pray; and I will stick to my text I I will warrant you.

Our creat crandfather Adam was a fery coot man, in coot truth was he, and dwelt in cot's own house in Paradise, and a prave place I'll warrant you it was; he had efry thing provided in his hand, he did not buy so much as a noggin, piggen, or spoon, he had pleny of apple-trees, plumb-trees, pear-trees,
sherry

sherry-trees, and cottling-trees, and all sorts of trees ; but for want of coot take heed, he was fallen ; ah ! how was he fallen ?

Why, I will tell you how he was fallen.

Our creat crandmother Eve, (a pox Cot take her for a plaguy package) must needs go a rambling and a changling from home, and coot not stay at home with her own huspand, but did rop an orchard the devil show't the way, (*for if dere be any misshief about the Devil and Woman must have a finger in the pyc*) so she came home and persuaded her husband to eat some of her stolen apple, it was a great mercy O Cot, it did not stick in her throat and choak her.

After she prov'd with child, and was prout to pet of a fine poy, and call'd his name—I cannot now fary well remember.—O tear it was Cain ; aye Cain vas it ; he vas a prave lad. put an unlucky rogue like his mother. And a little time after that she proofed with child again, and was prout to bed of another fine poy and called his name Apel ; dis vas a very coot lat, for he did stick to part of my text, he did pray ; and had he vatched too, before (or his prother Cain had never come behind his pack and knockt out his prains. Dis vas a murdering villain, so he vas obliged to over-run his country, and got him a wife in a strange land which taught him strange tricks I will warrant you.

Thus, you see, peloved, how the sins of Roppery and Murder came upon the earth and prout a heavy judgment upon the world ; vat you think that was ?

I will tell you.

It proofed those parcel of plaguy Lawyers, Attornies, and Pum-Pailiff's, to rop the people, and keep their estates and monies all themselves.

But after dis their came another sin upon the earth, and prout a heavier shudgment upon all the

the world; wot you think that was.

I will tell you.

It was the sin of drunkenness; for Cot's sake before of trinking too much, for our crandfather Noah, had no sooner scaped a scouring in the Ark, and got safe on land again, but he went to the first Alehouse he could find, and there he sat trink, trink all day and all night, and then came home trunk and abused his family.

The sin of drunkenness, my peloved, prout heavier shudgement then all the rest, and vat a heavy shudgement do you thing it profed,

Why, I will tell you.

It prout dese destroying locusts, dese consuming caterpillers, those hellish vermin, those cursed Egyptian plagues, joined altogether, EXCISEMEN, and CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS, to pry into every nook, and poke for every drop of coot trink. Cot confound them all; and from them *Libra nos Domines*, that is to say, Lort deliver us.

In the dreadful day of shudgment, when the pastors shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to their charge, and I your poor unworthy pastor, shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to my charge:

And when the Lort calls, I will not speak.

And when he calls a second time; I will not answer.

But when he calls a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel, "On say, Lort for thy servant heareth."

And when he asketh for the sheep delivered unto my charge, before Got, I will tell him flat and plain
You are all turned Goats; ——— AMEN.

AN

AN ODD SERMON,

Preached on Michaelmass Day, 1736; at the Funeral
of Mr. ROBERT PROCTOR, of Burston-Hall,
in the Country of NORFOLK.

By MR. H I N.

Text on 1. Tim: vi. 12—*Fight the good fight of Faith.*

BELOVED, we are met together to solmenize the Funeral of Mr. Robert Proctor, he was of the Family of Proctor's, in Yorkshire; sometimes at Burston-Hall, in Yorkshire; at which time his Brother was High Constable of this Hundred; this man of whom I now speak, was Mr. Robert Proctor, his Wife's Name was Burston: she was formerly Wife of Mr. Mathew Burston: she came from Heldenhall beyond Norwich; he was a good man, and a man of God, and a good husband, and she was a good Woman, and a good housewife; and they two got Money together; beloved, I shall prove to you, that he was a good Man, and a Man of God, by several demonstrative Arguments; First, he was a charitable Man to the Poor, a loving man to his Neighbours; a favourable Man in his Tythes, and a pityful man to his Tenants; here sits one Mr. Spungeon, who can tell a deal of Rent he forgave on his death bed, was not this a good man, and a man of God? and his Wife was a good woman, she came from Heldenhall beyond Norwich; A Second Argument to prove this was a good man, and a man of God, is this, that in the time of his sickness, which you now was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, and Mr. Simpkin, to pray with him, beloved, he was no selfned a man to be prayed for alone, but he desired them to pray for his Friends and Relations, for Mrs. Burston, and for Mrs. Burston's, Children, against it should please God to send her any, and to his Prayers he did devoutly say, Amen, Amen, Amen; Now brethern

was

was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you? and his wife was a good woman; she came from Helldon Hall, beyond Norwich, Then beloved, he sent for me; and I prayed with him likewise, as Mr. Cole and Mr. Gibbs had done before, for Mr. Burston's Worship, and Mrs. Burston's and for Mrs. Burston's Children, against it should please God to send her any; and to all my prayers he did say Amen, Amen, Amen; Now was not this a good man, and a man of God; think you? and his Wife a good Woman; she came from Hellden Hall beyond Norwich. A third Argument to prove this to be a good man, and a man of God, is this. There was a poor beggar boy, whose name was Thomas Proctor, that came over the River Tweed, upon the back of a Cow, an old Cow, beloved: from Scotland this poor boy came a begging to this good man's House, and to this man of God's Door beloved, he did not do as some men would have done, chide the boy and send him away; No, beloved, he took him into his House, and bound him Apprentice to a Gunsmith in Norwich, and married him to Mr. Robinson's Wife's Kinswoman, a considerable fortune, to whom he gives a considerable Jointure: then it pleased God, beloved, that this beggar boy I told you of, that came over the river Tweed, upon the back of an old Cow, from Scotland, had Children by her, and all Daughters: Then it pleased God, beloved, that this Thomas Proctor died: and this man took home his eldest daughter, and brought her up to Woman's estate, and married her to so honourable a Gentleman as Mr. Burston, who lives at Chamel at this present, who gave her so vast a portion, as is well known to you all, notwithstanding her Father was a beggar boy, and came over the River Tweed upon the back of an old Cow, from Scotland. Again was not this a good man, and a man of God? and his Wife was a good woman; she came from Hellden-Hall beyond Norwich; you

may remember, it is not many Years since I preach'd at the Funeral of Mrs. Proctor. I told you then of many of her excellent virtues; but lest you should forget them, I shall tell you of one of them, she was a good Housewife, and as good a knitter as any in the Country; for after her Husband, and the rest of the Family were in Bed, and the Fire raked up, she would set her down upon her Knees and knit for several hours. Beloved, she knit me a pair of Stockings in the same manner, which was the best that ever I wore in my Life; but the Days are short and the weather is tedious, I shall not detain you any longer, I think I have sufficiently prov'd this to be a good man and a man of God; and his Wife was a good Woman, she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich: but lest the Particulars should slip your memories, I shall repeat them over again to you. There was his kindness to his Friends and Neighbours, his favourableness to his Tenants, his Pitifulness to the Poor, and his devoutness in praying, as appears by his saying Amen, Amen, Amen, to the Prayers of Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. Cole, and myself. Likewise his transcendant charity to the poor beggar boy, which came over the River Tweed, upon the Back of an old Cow, from Scotland, in binding him Apprentice to a Gurnsmith in Norwich, in marrying him to his Wife's Kins-woman, in bringing up his eldest Daughter to Woman's estate, in marrying her to so honourable a Gentleman, in giving so vast a Portion, as is well known to you all; and the rest he gave to her sister. Now was not this a good man, and a man of God? and his wife a good Woman; she came from Helldenhall beyond Norwich. Well, beloved, he has now done his work on Earth, in fighting under the World's banner courageously, valiantly and manfully, in fighting the good fight of Faith, good Husbandry, and getting Money: He is now singing Hallelujah's in Heaven, where we will leave him.

The

The aforesaid Sermon was really preached at the Place and Time, and on the Occasion mentioned, being an extraordinary Piece of its kind, it cannot fail pleasing every Reader who has a Taste for those writings, which are not in a vulgar way.

A

POLITICAL SERMON.

THE Parson of KILMACOMIC, in ROSSHIRE, is noted for an odd eccentric style of preaching, perpetually interlarding his ghostly councils with temporal politics. This is sometimes carried so far, and borders so strong on the ludicrous, that his pious brethren have thought fit to spread insinuations of a crack in his upper story. He is nevertheless beloved by his parishioners, caressed by the country gentlemen, and every where followed by admiring crouds as a first rate pulpit orator.

Not long ago he took it into his head to preach on the following passage of scripture;

1 Kings xxii. 47. *There was then no King in Edom, a Deputy was King.*

My friends, said he, the former part of my Text doth not apply to the present times. We have a King, a virtuous, a religious King, whom God long bless and preserve !

I, therefore, wish to confine your attention to the latter clause ; for as a Deputy was King in Edom, so now a Deputy is King in Britain.

And who is this Deputy ? you will say. Truly a stripling called WILLIAM PITT, who, not in courage and patriotism, but in age and aspect, resembles DAVID when he went to fight the Philistines
being

being but "a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance." Thus is fulfilled the saying of the Prophet Isaiah, "I will take from them their honourable men and aged counsellors, and give them boys and women to reign over them."

Now, who do you think the Deputy has made a great man? I am ashamed to tell you. No other than our countryman George Rose.

But to return—more over, what blessing do we owe to the government of this same deputy?—To speak of myself, I owe him the loss of a window in my study, which I shut up rather than pay for the light of the sun.

Had I not a new hat at Sir TOBY TRENCHER's wedding, I must have owed him so much for that; and did not my wife work my mitts, I should be forced to pay him for gloves.

I pay him a halfpenny for every newspaper—but that I do not marvel at, as they generally bring me accounts of his iniquitous enormities.

Even there is poor JANNET PURDY pays him five shillings for leave to sell her snuff. But don't be cast down, JANNET, keep your heart up, and your stoups clean, and let me know when you brew next.

But yet again, nevertheless, howbeit, I am an independent man, though not so rich as the Laird, who, by the bye, might have been here to day, had he not been drunk last night---I know it, for I was with him. Ah my, friends, beware of drunkenness.

The coat I now wear was spun by my wife there sitting among you, I have no mitre in my eye, nor lawn sleeves, those rags of the Babylonish whore, and verily much I rejoice thereat, for who knows but I might be tempted by Satan, as others have been, to gainsay the truth for the sake of filthy lucre.

But

But now I will not cease to warn you of your dangers, temporal and eternal. I will lift up my voice against iniquity in high places. I will cry aloud against the rulers of the land, who would have us make bricks without straw. And if ye will not listen to me, I will call to the very fowls of heaven and the fishes of the sea, as once was done by St. ANTHONY of *Padua*, which being a story full of edification, I shall tell it you "Here he related at length the legend of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes."

Thus will I do, I will preach to the sea gulls if I cannot be heard by those of the land. But my hope is better, yea my hope is, that ye will be gulls no longer. Look to the nation whom ye were wont to despise; the nation whom ye had in contempt for slavery and superstition---the French---lo, they are slaves and superstitious no more! They struggle with famine, and blood, rather than have a deputy for King.

Not that I would have you do so, for they are very *haremum scareum*, I confess, and though famous for taylor work, have put off their old coats, ere they had a new one, or even a Jerkin, ready.

I would not have you leave your ploughs and looms to study the *rights of man* citizens, No! no! I would only have you do what you can to get a new deputy set up, and to guard against his being a king.

To bring the matter nearer to our own bosoms, I should now speak a word of deputy DUNDAS, who hangs on king PITT, as doth a barnacle on a rotten stick. But time fails, I shall therefore conclude by directing your meditations to this grand object, that a CHANGE is the only chance for reformation. Things may be better, they cannot be worse. For such a change then, speedy and happy, let us jointly and severally labour, and also, as at present, let us pray, &c.

EPI.

EPILOGUE TO THE MINOR;

OR,

A METHODIST SERMON,

Written by Samuel Foot, Esq.

NEAR the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl,
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons and all }
 Shut up your shops and listen to my call;
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
 And live a rent-charge upon providence;
 Prick up your ears, a story now I'll tell }
 Which once a widow and her child befel,
 I knew the mother and her daughter well;
 Poor, 'tis true, they were, but never wanted,
 For whatsoever they ask'd, was always granted,
 One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd;

CHILD. Mother, you cry!

MOTHER. I have got no bread.

CHILD. What matters that? truly providence an't
 dead!

With reason good, this truth the child might say,
 For there came in 'at noon, that very day,
 Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton
 A better sure a table ne'er was put on;
 Ay, that may be, ye cry, with these poor souls
 But we ne'er had rasher for the coals;
 And d'ye deserve it? how d'ye spend your days?
 In pastimes! prodigality! and plays!
 Let's go see FOOT; ah! Foot's a precious limb,
 Old Nick will soon a foot ball make of him!
 For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
 Think you to meet with side-boxes above?
 Where giggling girls, and powder'd fops may sit,
 No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
 And croud the house for Satan's benefit,
 Oh! what you snivel,—well, do so no more
 Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
 And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.

An

AN EXTEMPORE

SERMON ON MALT.

Preached at the request of two scholars.

Out of an hollow tree.

*Why need the drunkard strive his acts to smother,
Drink runs but out of one hogshead into another.*

BELoved,

LET me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a brief sermon, upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, beloved, my text is MALT, which I cannot divide into sentences, because it is none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because (upon the whole matter) it is but a monosyllable; therefore, I must, as necessity enforces me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be only these four.

M A L T, Malt,

My beloved, M, is moral,
A, is allegorical,
L, is literal, and
T, is theological.

The moral is well set forth to teach you drunkards good manners, wherefore,

M, my masters
A, all of you,
L, listen,
T, to my text.

The

The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. Now the thing spoken of is bare malt, but the thing meant is **STRONG BEER** which you drunkards make,

M, meat,
A, apparel,
L, little,
T, treasure.

The **L**iteral is according to the letter :

M, much,
A, ale,
L, little,
T, thrift.

The **T**heological is according to the effects which it works, which I find in my text to be twofold —
First, in this world,—Second, in the world to come.

In this world, the effects which it works are,

In some, M, murder,
In others, A, adultery,
In some, L, looseness of life,
In others, T, treason.

In the world to come,

In some, M, misery,
In others, A, anguish,
In some, L, languishing,
In others, T, torment.

Wherefore my first use shall be exhortation.

M, my masters,
A, all of you,
L, leave,
T, tipling.

Or else, secondly, by way of commination, I say,

M, my masters,
A, all of you,
L, look for
T, torment.

So much for this time and text; only, by way of caution, take this; a drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, and spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason, the brewer's hog, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

Say well and do well end both with a letter,
Say well is good, but do well much better.

A N O D D

SERMON ON THEFT,

PREACHED BY

MR. WARREN, LECTURER OF GREENWICH.

WITNEY, (a highwayman) meeting once with one Mr. WARREN, Lecturer of Greenwich, after he had robbed him, he said it was a long time since he heard a sermon, and therefore commanded him to give him one; which the minister, for fear of his life, complied with, saying his text was THEFT, which not being to be divided into sentences, he was obliged to divide into letters.

T, H, E, F, T,

T, H, E, F, T, Theft.

Now T, saith he, is theological,
H, is historical,
E, is exegetical
F, is figurative, and
T, is tropological.

Now the Theological part of my text, is according
to the effects that it works, which are two; first,
in this world; secondly, in the world to come.—
Now the effects that it works are, here

T, tribulation,
H, hatred,
E, envy,
F, fear, and
T, torment,

For what greater tribulation can befall a man, than
to be debar'd of liberty?

Again, ye have

T, theft, the subject
H, hatred, of man as well as
E, envy, of thy jailors; next ye are always
in
F, fear of being apprehended; and then
nothing but
T, torment, ensues.

And then for the Historical Part of my text,
history tells us, that the Emperor Frederick III.
condemned all thieves to the gallies. The ex-
egetical part, is, when you pursue your evil
course. The figurative is, that though you
seem to be a gentleman, yet you are a rogue.
And the topological part is, in drawing a word
from

from its proper signification to another sense, as in calling you most famous thieves. I desire your attention ; “ let him that steals, steal no more : ” or else,

T, take care,
H, hanging,
E, ends not,
F, felony,
T, at Tyburn.

Which Sermon pleased him so well, that he gave him his ten pounds again, and ten shillings for preaching it, and then rode away seeking whom he might devour.

NO GRUMBLING, A TALE.

AN odd whim once possess'd a country squire, that he would not hire any servant whatever, until ten pounds were deposited between the master and servant ; and the first that grumbled at any thing, let it be what it would, was to forfeit the money—Being in want of a coachman, not one round the country would venture to go after the place.

Now it happened one Thomas Winterbourn, a coachman of London, who had lately been discharged from a nobleman's family, was in that part of the country on a visit, and being acquainted with the oddity of the squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and on application was admitted into the family. Thomas was greatly surprised, after living there about two months, that nothing was allowed him for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese, with small beer. Being heartily tired of this kind of fare, he applied to the cook—“ Cooke,” says Thomas, “ is it the standing rule of this family to feed their servants on nothing else but bread and cheese ? ”

cheese?" "What!" says the cook, "do you grumble?" "no, no, by no means, cookee," replied Thomas, being fearful of forfeiting the money; but recollecting his master's park was stock'd with fine deer, he took a musket and shot a fine young fawn, skinned it, and brought it to the cook. "Here cookee," says Thomas, "take and roast this fawn for me immediately, for I have an acquaintance or two come down from London, to pay me a visit; the cook seem'd to object to it, having some meat to roast directly for his master. "What!" says Thomas "cookee, do you grumble?" "no," replied the cook: so down to roast went the fawn. The appointed time arriv'd that the master ordered dinner; and no sign of any coming to his table, occasioned him to ring the bell, to know the reason of it; the cook acquainted the squire of all Thomas's proceedings, who in a great hurry bolted down stairs into the kitchen, where he saw Thomas very busy in baisting the fawn. "How got you that fawn?" says the squire, "shot it sir," says Thomas, "where?" says the squire, "in your park," replied Thomas, "by whose orders?" quoth the squire, "do you grumble?" says Thomas, "no Thomas, says the squire," and retir'd to his dining room, greatly perplexed at Thomas's proceedings; he immediately wrote a letter to a gentleman, who lived near six miles from his house, and order'd that Thomas should carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was forced to comply with his master's request, though with a sorrowful heart to leave the fawn. After Thomas's departure the squire order'd the fawn, when done, to be brought to his table, which was done accordingly. On Thomas's return he found he was fairly tricked out of the fawn, and instead of it, to his mortification, bread and cheese and small beer, his old diet: however, Thomas vow'd within himself to revenge it the first opportunity.

A little

A little while after, the 'Squire who was going to pay his addresses to a young lady (gave strict orders to Thomas to get his carriage together with the horses and harness well cleaned; Thomas obeyed the order, and on the road from the stable to the 'Squire's house, he met a man with a sand cart drawn by two remarkable fine jack asses; Thomas insisted upon an exchange, the horses for the asses, which being obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness to pieces to fit these Arabian ponies, as he stiled them. Matters being compleated, he drove boldly up to the 'Squire's, and knocked at the gate; the porter perceiving the droll figure his master's equipage cut, burst out in an immoderate fit of laughter, "Cup, cup," says Thomas. what's the fool laughing at; go and acquaint the 'Squire that the carriage is ready." Shortly after the 'Squire came, and seeing his carriage so beautifully adorned with cattle, was struck with astonishment—"Why, what the devil," quoth the 'Squire, "have you got harnessed to your carriage?" "I tell you," says Thomas, as I was driving from your stables to the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand cart, drawn by these two fine Arabian ponies, and knowing you to be fond of good cattle, I gave your horses for these two fine creatures, they draw well, and are an ornament to the carriage; only observe what fine ears they have got." "D——n their ears, and ornaments too," quoth the 'Squire, "what's the fellow mad?" "what I cried Thomas, "do you grumble?" "Grumble," quoth the 'Squire, "by God I think it is high time to grumble—the next thing, I suppose, my carriage is to be given away for a sand cart."

On Thomas's procuring the horses again, he paid him his wages and forfeit money, being heartily tired at the oddity of his whim; and declared that Thomas the London coachman, was the drollest dog he ever met with.

Oddity.

C

A CURIOUS

A CURIOUS HAND BILL.

THOMAS TOUCHWOOD, Gent.

PROPOSES on the last day of this present November, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to himself or his friends, he takes this method of endeavouring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance, he hopes, will merit the attention and patronage of the public.

He will perform with two pistols, the first shot to be directed through the ABDOMEN, to which will be added another through his BRAIN, the whole to conclude with staggering convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at eight, and the exhibition to begin precisely at nine. Particular places for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, or half price taken.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and imposters: The person who advertises to hang himself the same night in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a taylor, who intends only to give the representation of death by dancing in a collar, an attempt infinitely inferior to Mr. T's original and authentic performance.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY FAIR

GRAZIERS, drovers, bull-dogs, oxen,
Butchers bragging, landlords foxing;
Rapping, roaring, thumping, pricking,
Blatent beasts for only kicking.
Jockies spurring, cursing, lying;
One ey'd horses, dirt a flying:

Broken

Broken shins, and d——n your blood, sir,
 Clear the way, he's sound and good, sir;
 Waggon, carmen, drums a rattling;
 Popping, thrusting, joking, prattling:
 Raree-shews of short and long men,
 Bears and tygers, weak and strong men,
 Pockets emptied, bills unpaid, and
 Rogues at dead of night afraid; and
 Many a bargain, if you strike it—
 " This a fair is—how d'y'e like it.

A person in the North, who had lost a Leg by amputation had it buried, and the following
 Inscription put over the Grave.

HERE lies the leg of Master Conder, }
 The man's alive, and that's a wonder;
 It was cut off by Dr. Johnson,
 The famousest surgeon in the nation.

E P I T A P H.

On a WOMAN who used to Cook and Brew for
 Families.

No longer for my loss deplore,
 My meat's all dress'd, my cooking o'er I
 My ale's all out, my vessel's broke,
 My malt's consum'd, both straw and coke:
 My fire's extinct, my glass is run,
 My light's gone out, my work is done;
 Alive I roam'd, but now am bound,
 Fast in Death's kitchen under ground.

The following Lines appear on a Head-Stone, in
 the Church-yard of Newport in the Isle of Wight.

YE passengers as ye pass by,
 Stop and cast on us an eye,

As you are now so once was we
As we AM now, so will you be,
Prepare to die and follow we.

To the Honourable Commissioners of the

E X C I S E.

The humble Petition of PATRICK O'CONNOR,
BLANEY O'BRIAN, and CARNEY MAC-
QUIRE, to be appointed *Inspectors* and *Overlookers*
(vulgarly called Excisemen) for the Port of Cork,
in the Kingdom of IRELAND.

AND whereas we, your aforesaid petitioners, will¹
both by night and by day, and all night and al¹
day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride,
and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry
and we will see all, seize all, and more than all, and
every thing, and nothing at all, of all such goods
and commodities, as may be, and can be, and can-
not be liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, will at all
times, and at no time, and times past, be present
and absent, and be backwards and forwards, and
behind and before, and be no where and every
where, and no where at all.

And we, your aforesaid petitioners, will come and
inform, and give information and notice, duly and
truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter
as we know, and don't know, and by the knowledge
of ourselves, and every one and no one, and we will
not rob or cheat the king any more than is now law-
fully practised.

And

And we, your aforesaid petitioners; are protestants, and gentlemen of reputation, and we love the king, and we value him, and will fight for him, and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family or acquaintance, as far and as much further as lies in our power dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and seperate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together.

PATRICK O'CONNER.

BLANEY O'BRYAN.

CARNEY MACQUIRE.

Money makes the Mare to go.

A NEW WAY TO KNOW THE WORLD.

A dialogue between Neighbour TUMBLETURF and
Neighbour CHOPSTICK.

CHOPSTICK,

GOOD morrow to you, neighbour Tumbleturf, pray can you lend me your grey Mare to take a ride some eight or ten miles to day.

Tumble.—Why really goodman Chopstick, I am just going to carry some bags of Corn to the Mill to get ground, for my Wife wants Flour sadly.

Chop. There is no grinding to-day Neighbour, I heard Cogg the Miller, tell Dick Hobson, that the Mill was in back flood.

Tumble.—Say you so, neighbour, I am sorry for that: Then I must ride to town and get my Wife some flour, or she'll be out of all patience.

Chop.—You need not do so, neighbour, I have got flour enough, and you can have some pecks of mine.

C 2

Tumble.

Tumble.—Your flour may not please my Wife, she's very particular:

Chop.—No flour can please her so well, why it was ground out of the last corn I bought of you, which you said was the best you ever had in your life.

Tumble.—'Twas special good indeed, special good, neighbour Chopstick:—there is nobody so willing to lend as I am;—but my Mare does not eat her Hay well: and I am afraid she will not hold out.

Chop.—No matter for that, neighbour; I can get her two or three feeds of corn upon the road.

Tumble.—Corn is very dear, neighbour.

Chop.—That's true, but when one's out upon Business it don't signify you know.

Tumble.—It is a foggy time, and my Mare has been hard work'd neighbour, besides my saddle is broke and I have lent my bridle.

Chop.—It matters not, I have a saddle and bridle of my own.

Tumble.—But your saddle will not fit my Mare, neighbour.

Chop.—Then I can borrow of neighbour Rogers.

Tumble.—His is as bad as your's.

Chop.—Then I can be fitted at the Squire's, the Groom is an honest fellow,

Tumble.—Why neighbour Chopstick, there is nobody you know so willing to lend as I am, and you should have had the Mare with all my heart, but she has got the skin rubb'd off her back as broad as my hand:

Chop.—I'll get the groom to stuff the saddle, nobody stuffs a saddle so well as Dick Groom, the poor beast shan't be hurt.

Tumble.—Nobody is so willing to lend a neighbour as I am, nobody so willing; but the Mare is in rough order, her mane wants pulling sadly.

Chop.

Chop.—That is soon done neighbour, I can do that myself, and Dick Groom will help me.

Tumble.—But now I think on it she wants new shoes.

Chop.—There is time enough for that, the days are of a good length, the Mare trots well, and we have a blacksmith at hand.

Tumble.—Aye, as you say, the Mare trots well and the days are of a likely length, both for Master and Man, but our neighbour blacksmith cannot shoe her easy, I always take her to market, and gets her shod by Ned Hammerwell, he shoes her to pattern.

Chop.—My road lies through the town it will be none out of my way.

Enter Tumbleturf's Servant.

Tumble.—Here is neighbour Chopstick wants to borrow my Mare, Tom, prithee step and see if her shoulder is not much wrung. [*Exit Tom.*] There is nobody so willing as I am to oblige a neighbour, when I can, but (*re-enter Tom.*)

Tom. Wrung, aye, Master, she is wrung, indeed the skin is rubbed off the poor jade as broad as my back, she is not fit to ride, besides I promised her to Goodman Ploughshare, to fetch a quarter of Coals. You know he has but two of his own, and if he can't have ours his must be idle.

Tumble.—Why indeed, neighbour Chopstick, I am sorry it happens so. There is nobody so willing to lend a neighbour as I am, and I wish I could let you have the Mare, but we cannot disappoint Goodman Ploughshare, for we owe him help, I am sorry it happens so.

Chop.—I am sorry too, because it will be a hurt to both of us. You must know, neighbour I received a line from Sir Thomss Wiseaere's steward to come over directly; there is a bargain of Timber to be sold, and if I miss, another chapman may step between

tween, which will be twenty Guineas out of your way, for if I buy, you'll have the job of carrying it, I spoke about it, Sir Thomas pays well, and twenty Guineas is a good deal of money you know, but as the Mare is ill, there is an end of the matter.

Tumble. Twenty Guineas did you say.

Chop.—Yes, twenty Guineas, but as the Mare is not fit to go, I must stay at home, and there is an end of the matter, neighbour.

Tumble.—Here Tom, tell Goodman Ploughshare that he cannot have the Mare to day, for neighbour Chopstick wants her, and must not be disappointed. Another day must do for him.

Chop.—But how can we manage about the flour, and the saddle and bridle, and about getting her shod. Besides if the Mare is ill you know.

Tumble.—She is not so ill but she will carry you very well, she eat her hay well this Morning. As to flour my wife can stay some days. I have a new saddle and bridle, you shall be welcome to them tho' they were never used. The skin is not rubbed off broader than my finger: and now I think on't she was new shod but yesterday. She will carry you well, neighbour Chopstick and I wish you a good journey and success with all my heart.

Chop.—Thank you, neighbour Tumbleturf, a good morning to you.

If you would borrow of a friend,
That has not will nor heart to lend;
Let his own interest take the lead,
His interest best your cause will plead.

For, sirs, it always happens so,
That Money makes the Mare to go.

From

From the Newgate Calendar, Vol. I. page 409.

A CURIOUS SERMON.

NOW, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is, that men should shew so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the age of eternity! O what care! what pains! what diligence! and what contrivance are made use of for, and laid out upon these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay: when alas; the noble part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concern, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it.

We have a remarkable instance of this, in a notorious malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Shepherd! what amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking miserable carcase, hardly worth hanging? how dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail? how manfully did he burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong doors of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the lids of the prison! and then fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike he stole out of the chapel, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the Turner's House, and how cautiously past down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door.

O that we were all like Jack Shepherd!—Mistake me not, my brethren, I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense, for I purpose to spiritualize these things

things.—What a shame it would be if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains and employ as many deep thoughts to save our souls as he has done to preserve his body.

Let me exhort ye then to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance ; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts, mount the chimney of hope, take from hence the bar of good resolution, break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strong holds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death, raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation : Fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church. Let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of the old executioner the devil, who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

AN ODD ADVENTURE,

OR THE

POOR POET OF CRIPPLEGATE.

ONE night in the melancholy month of November, as I was sitting in my garret, by the side of a fire with very little heat, and a candle with very little light, ruminating on the various follies and pursuits of men, reflecting on the riches of some, and the indulgence of others; figuring in my mind the waste, riot, and superfluity of many among us poor mortals; and of my own excessive poverty, sometimes sighing, and wishing I had strength sufficient for a bricklayer's labourer, at others, my head reclining

ON

on my hand, my toe tapping, and my mind philosophizing on the nature of man, how few his real, how numerous his imaginary wants, and how exceedingly happy and charitable I could be if I had thirty pounds per year. In the midst of these my cogitations, I heard a double rap at the door, just as I was distributing out of my supposed plenty, half a crown to a blind beggar, and a bone to the dog. My reverie was at an end, a double rap was uncommon at the door of the poor, the rich seldom call there—I listned. My landlady was gone out, and the intercession for admittance was repeated. I took my candle and ran down stairs, my imagination hurried me away, so fast, that I forgot my waistcoat was unbuttoned, and that my old brown coat had but one lap.—I knew not but it might be some lord who had accidentally heard of my poverty and merit, and had flown to my relief. There is doubtless, numberless lords and great men who would have done it, had they heard of me, it was not their fault. In my haste to get down, one of my old slippers and my woollen night cap flew off. The rain that had half deluged my garret floor informed me, that I must not stay to gather them up, the poor creature at the door would be wet, I opened the door to a young lady I thought at first had been an angel. She started back a little. Indeed I had been very ill, and my cloaths were not quite so good as I could have wished: she advanced, and begged in a trembling voice, to be sure it was a sweet one, that I would let her stand in the passage for a moment, and shut the door, for she was apprehensive of being pursued by some rude men, and being a stranger she knew not how to avoid them.—Had she presented me with a roll and red herring instead of that fair soft hand, it had not been half so welcome, though I cannot say but I was very hungry, I drew her in, and instantly shut the door. I told her that the people belonging to the house, did not happen to be

at home, but if she would kindly condescend to walk up into my poor garret, she should be very welcome. To be sure it is but a poor place, continued I, but indeed you shall be very welcome. Her eyes glistened. She looked as though she had not power to deny my request; she sighed, I led and she followed. My night cap and slipper were replaced.—I handed her the only chair in the room; I was sorry it had not a back—I stood by the side of her, and observed her give a timed glance round my poor garret, then turn her head away, wipe her eyes, and smother the rising sigh.—Indeed she was an angel! I began to wish for riches, youth and beauty, while I gazed upon her. Vain and silly man is always wanting, never satisfied.—What right had I to be discontented, or wish for any thing but what I had—But man is never satisfied, as I said before.

Pray sir, said the divine cherub, you will be kind enough to send for a bottle of wine, to the Tavern over the way, I am somewhat faint.—Yes indeed I replied if I had any money, with all my soul; but—I hope you—you will not be offended that I have it not in my power—I am sorry for it—I would ask them to trust me, but I am afraid they will not.—However I will try, and I will promise to pay them as soon as ever I can—I hope they will not laugh at me—I will try.

SHE caught hold of my hand as I was turning about, and almost drowned it with her tear.—Pray Sir, said she, sobbing with pity and benevolence, as I thought, do not be offended that I intrude thus upon you, be pleased to take this, presenting me her Purse; I am very hungry likewise, pray Sir, be so kind as to order them to send me a fowl or any thing they have. Do not be offended Sir—Offended? Oh that I could entertain you according to my wishes?

said

said I, but pray do not send all this money by me they perhaps may suspect that I have stolen it. They may perceive, nay they know indeed that I am poor, I offered the pruse, she received it, though I thought she looked as if she wished I would keep it. She gave me half a guinea, and I did as I was desired.

The waiter followed me up stairs. I cannot say but I imagined he had a very impudent kind of a look and rather an inquisitive stare though to be sure he might well be surprised to see so beautiful a creature and so well dressed too, in my poor garret. I was amazed myself, nor could I scarcely believe I was awake. She gave him a shilling for his own perquisite he took it, gazed on her, stared at me, cast his eyes round the room and departed.

"Come Sir," said she, "pray let me intreat you to eat little bit of supper with me. I cannot eat indeed, if you sit by without eating. Nay, pray Sir come. I will draw the table, and sit upon the corner of the bed. Do, sir, take the chair,"

Her eyes were brim full again. Indeed she was an angel! I was so very hungry, and she asked in so sweet a manner, that it was impossible to resist. It was a fine fowl and the sweetest I think I ever tasted in all my life. To be sure I was very hungry. She said at first she was hungry likewise, I could not see any thing that she had eaten, except picking one of the side bones. She seemed to mind nothing only, helping of me. I told her of it, She gave me a smile of the most enchanting complaisance, and replied she was entirely happy to see me eat. her hunger was abated.

Well, to be sure, every time I looked at her every time I recollected myself, I could not help thinking this was an odd adventure.

D. When

When supper was over, and little remaining of the fowl except the bones, the sweet young creature asked me how long I had lived in my present lodging? I told her fifteen Years, but that there was a new landlady come to the house, and I was afraid she would turn me out, for that I had a severe fit of sickness, which had not only taken the trifle of money which I had, but had likewise unfurnished my garret, and that my quarters rent had been due, about a week, which had caused my present landlady, as I imagined to speak in a very surly manner to me. I would sell my bed to pay her, continued I, with all my heart, but they give so little for second hand things, that I am afraid that will not do.

Well, to be sure I thought it very strange, I could not say a word, but this kind angel was wiping her eyes.

The waiter now came as he had been ordered, to fetch away the plates and other things which had been sent over with the fowl. As he was going out again he met my landlady entering the door. "Hey day I" exclaimed she, "what are those? and where have you been?" "Up stairs into the garret," returned the waiter, "with a fowl, to your lodger and a fine young lady that is with him." "Up stairs into the garret with a fowl?" Yes into the garret with a fowl and a bottle of wine to raise his spirits I suppose. I think they want it. She is a fine young creature to be sure but I think she has made a damned queer choice.

Up stairs rushed my landlady and in a menacing posture cried out "show now Mr. Shabroon. What do you mean by junketing here with your kept Madams on Wind and Fowls, it would much better become you to pay honest parsons their own." "Accepted Ma. dams replied the dear little Angel, directing her hand to her pocket and taking from hence her purse. I hope you do not mean to call me one, by this time the landlady who had caught a sight of the purse began to think the best way would be to proceed moderately,

derately, replied in a voice somewhat lower "no ~~to~~ besure Madam there is not a decenter or civiler Parson in all Cripplegate, but I have 4 Children to provide for, and they can't eat words as a body may say, I only want my own," "upon my word said I, I will pay as soon as I am able.

"Pray sir said this angelic Creature how much do you owe this woman," "eight shillings interrupted my landlady, for a quarters Rent, and seven pence half-penny farthing, I lent him out of my own pocket at varisom times," my Heart was so expanded with Gratitude, that I thought it would burst on seeing this kind Creature pay my merciless landlady, I could only exclaim with Tears in my eyes, "surely this must be an angel" Indeed (said my Landlady as she went out of the room). "she is an Angel and you have reason to pray for her as long as you live.

The landlady haing retired, an emotion of pity seemed to labour in her breast, and what I thought very strange was her Tears increased every Time she beheld me, having at length recovered her Speech, "pray sir said she was you ever married," yes, too well I remember the happy time never to be recalled, 'till the allwise Providence thought fit to seperate me from my amiable Maria. Alas she met too hard a Fate,! Pray sir said the kind Angel, wiping her Eyes if I dont desire too much, be so kind as to relate the Particulars of your Misfortunes.

" Indeed although the Relation may recall some Things to my memory, that I often wish I could forget, yet I will relate it, it was at Lisbon in the horrid war of Elements, that dreadfull Commotion of the Earth, that I lost the Partner of my Bed, my beloved Maria and Sophia the little darling of my Soul, in whose innocent Prattle, the fondness of a Parent, discerned all the Virtue that——

D 2

I am

I am, cried this Angel, weeping with great emotion, "I am your Daughter;" Gracious Heaven is it possible! Sophai had the mark of a Strawberry on her breast, I have said she embracing me,—I am your Daughter, My Mother is three Doors off, leave this inhospitable Dwelling overwhelmed with Joy I scarce could stand——O Reader if you have ever unexpectedly found an amiable Wife and a beloved Daughter then you may know, what were at that Instant the Sensations of the *Poor Poet of Cripplegate*.

They related that all my Effects were safe, that their lives were preserved by almost a miracle, they had tryed all they could to find me, for upwards of ten years, at last they had learnt my Place of Residence from a poor Soldier, whom I had relieved a twelvemonth since.

Let all Persons learn from this never to despair of Providence, let their Afflictions be ever so great and that charity will return fourfold.

A P A R A D O X.

I met two active Creatures who.

Had but one Leg between the two.

And next a Thing without a Foot,

Or Leg, and yet it had a Boot,

When all the three so swiftly past,

Few on two Legs could run so fast;

Ye Wits if Wits ye truly be.

Say what three things were met by me.

Quack

THE QUACK DOCTER'S SPEECH,

To the Credulous Mob.

Supposed to be spoken by the famous *Lord Rochester*.

GENTLEMEN:

I WALTHO VAN CLAUTERBANK, High German Doctor, Chymist and Dentrificater, native of Arabia Deserta, Citizen and Burgomaster of the City of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn Doctor, of about 60 years experience, having studied over Galen, Hypocrates, Albumazar and Paraseslus am now become th Esculapius of this Age, having been educated at 12 Universities, and travelled thro' 52 Kingdoms and been councillor to the Councillors of several Monarch's, natural son of the wonder working chymical Doctor Signior Hanesio, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe and America from the Sun's Oriental Exaltation, to his Occidental Declination, out of mere pity to my own dear self and languishing mortals, have by the earnest Prayers and entreaties of several Lords, Dukes and honourable Personages, been at last prevailed upon, to oblige the World with this Notice.

That all persons young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know were to repair for cure, in all Cephalagias, Paralytic, Paroxysm, Palpitations of the Pericardium, Emphyemas, Syncopes and Nasities, arising either from a Plethory, or a Cacochymy, Vertiginous Vapours, Hydrocephalus, Dissentries, O dontalgic or Podigirica Inflammations, Illiac Passions, Icteric Effusions, Exanthematea, the Hen Pox, the Hog Pox, the Whores Pox, and the Small Pox, the Asities: Tym-
pantie.

panties Annasarca, and the entire Legion of Lethiferous Distemper.

Imprimis. Gentlemen, I have an ever failing styptic, coriobating, odoriferous, anodinous balsamic balsam of balsams made of dead men's fat, rosin and goose grease; which infalliably restores lost Maidenheads; raises demolished Noses, and by its abstersive Cosmetic quality, preserve superannuated bawds from wrinkles.

Item, I have the true Carthamorphra of the triple kingdom. my never failing Heliogenes, being the Tincture of the Sun, deriving vigours, influence and dominion from the same light: it causes all complexions to laugh or smile, at the very time of taking it: it is seven years in preparing and being compleated, secundum artem, by Fomentation, Cohobation, Calcination, Sublimation, Fixation, Philtration, Circulation and Quidibification, in Balneo Mariæ Crucible and Fixatory, the Athanor, Cucurbita and Reverberatory, is the only sovereign medicine in the World.

This is Natures Paladium, Health's Magazine; it works seven manner of ways, in order as nature itself requires: for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operation. so that it effecteth the cure, either Hypnotically, Hydrotically, Cathartically, Poppismatically, Hydrogogically, Pneumatically, or Synecdochically, it mundifies the Hypostragium, wipes off obstersively, those tenacious conglomerated sedimental Sordes, that adhere to *Æsophagus & Vescera*, extinguishes all supernatural Fermentations and Ebulations, and in fine annihilates all Nosotrophical morbid Ideas of the whole corporeal Compages. A dra of it is worth a bushel of March Dust; for if a man chances to have his brains beat out or his head chopped off, we drops, (I say two drops Gentle-
me

men (seasonably applied, will recall the fleeting Spirits, reinthroned the deposed Archeus, cement the discontinuity of the parts and in six minutes restores the lifeless trunk to all its prestine functions, vital, natural and animal; to that this, believe me, gentlemen, is the only, sovereign remedy in the world.

I have the chiefest antipudenda egragrian specific in VENUS's regalia, which infallibly cures the French pox, with all its train of gonorrheas, buboes and shankers, carnosities, phymosis, paraphymosis, chrystallines, priapismus, caudalomata and regades, without baths and stoves. And that with so much pleasure as the same was contracted so that 'tis worth any persons while to get this modish distemperonce a fortnight if it is to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.

I have the panchymagogen of *Hermes Trismegistus*, an incomparable spagyric, tincture of the moon's orns, which is the infallible antidote against the contagion of cuckoldom.

Besides my *Vermifugis Pulvis*, or antivermatical worm conquering powder, so famous for destroying all the sorts of them incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudities that produce these anthropophagus vermin. it has brought away worms by urine, as long as the may pole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity though I confess not altogether so thick.

Look ye, gentlemen, I have it under the hands and seals of all the greatest sultans, sophys, bashaws, vizero, chams, serasquiers, mufties, &c, in Christendom, to vertificate the truth of my operations that
I have

have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured **PRESTO JOHN**'s godmother, to the great admiration of all the court, of a stupendous dolour about the os sacrum, so that the old lady really feared the perdition of her huckle bone; I did it by fomenting her posteriors with a mummy of nature, alias called Pilgrim's salve, mixed up with the spirit of mugwort, tartagraphated through an alembic of christalline transfluency.

Thence I was sent for to Sulian Gilgon despot of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the spasmus, he crme to meet me 300 leagues in a go-cart, but I gave him so speedy an acquittance of his doctor, that the next night I caused him to dance a saraband with Flipflaps and Somersets.

I restored Virility and the comforts of generation to above 150 Eunuchs in the grand Seignior's seraglio, and by a pair of prolific pills, lately caused a vintner's widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive a man child in the twelfth lustre of her age, without the help of her husband.

I cured likewise the Dutchess of Baramolpho, of a cramp in her tongue, and the Count de Rodomoto-do Correct, of an illiac passion, contracted by eating butter'd parsnips.

I also cured an alderman of Grand Cairo, who had been sick 7 years of the plague, in 40 minutes, and by the like empyrical remedies, I lately cured Duke Philorix, of a dropsy, of which he died.

VENIENT OCCURITE MORBO, down with your Dust, **PRINCIPIIS GBSTA**, no cure, no money, **QUERENDA PECUNIA PRIMUS**, be not sick too late.

You

You that are willing to render yourselves immortal, buy this packet, or else prepar'd to the sign of the Prancers, in Vico volgu dicto, Ratchifero, something South East of Templum Daacium, in the square of Profound Close, not far from Titter Tatter Fair, and you may hear, see, and return re-infected.

A RECEIPT to make a True METHODIST.

TAKE the roots of hypocrisy and spiritual pride, of each two handfull, of ambition and vain glory two pounds; boil them down the slow fire of a sour temper, till you can perceive the ingredients swim on the top; then serment it with the spirit of rancour; add six ounces of the fine sugar of deceit, and one quart of the juice of dissimulation.

Put it in the bottles of envy, and stop it with the corks of malice, when these ingredients have subsided make them into pills of self interest, gilded with the leaf of public zeal.

Take six in the morning on the tongue of slander, and five in the evening in a glass of frowardness, then repair to the society house to hear nonsense by way of gentle exercise, groan much, sigh often, roll your eyes, keep a handkerchief in one hand and a hymn book in the other, be continually singing and when you say your prayers, let it be so loud as to disturb (if possible) the neighbourhood.

This will enable you by the degrees, to gain more easily your own ends: nay to gratify your carnal appetites: should you be so inclined, under the cloak of sanctity, revile the church, though you are supported by its licence, or its privilege, rail against its ministers, especially those, whose good sense makes them formidable to you; and when opportunity serves, overturn all whom you consider as rivals.

By

By making a proper use of this Receipt there is no danger of your becoming in time a true Methodist.

The genuine last will and testament of a Virtuoso.

I Nicholas Gimcrack, Being in sound health of mind but in great weakness of body, do, by this my last Will and Testament, bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following.

Imprimis, To my dear wife

One box of butterflies,

One drawer of shells,

A female skeleton, and

A dried cockatrice,

Item. To my daughter Elizabeth,

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.

As also, my preparations of winter may dew, and embryo pickle.

To my little daughter.

Three Crocodills eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mothers consent

The nest of an humming bird.

Item. To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he hath vested in my son Charles, I bequeath, _____

My

My last years collection of Grasshoppers,

Item, To his daughter Susannah being his only child.

I bequeath—

My English weeds pasted on royal paper,

With my large folio of India cabbage,

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. Jo-

hannes Eberickius, professor in anatomy, and my

associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal

monument of my affection and friendship for him,

I bequeath—

My rat's testicles, and

Whale's penis.

To him and his issue male, and in default of such

issue to the said Dr. Eberickius, then to return to

my executor and heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by

making over to him some years since—

A horned scarabæus

The skin of a rattle snake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian King.

I make no farther provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John, having spoken disrespectful

of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of

wine, and in many other instances behaved himself

undutiful towards me. I do disinherit and wholly

cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by

giving him a single cockleshell.

To

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossels, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers and vermin not above specified : as also all my monsters, both wet and dry, making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament, he paying, or causing to be paid the stores and legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

DEAN SWIFT'S

M A W . W A L L U P ,

DEING

*A rare receipt quite scalding new,
To make a mess of French ragoo:*

JUST after you've din'd, take a dish that is large,
And into it what you have eaten discharge;
Then get all the rest that are at the table,
To spew into the same as long as the're able;
Let them strain very hard, till all is brought up,
For the more spew there is the better the soup,
Break the lumps undigested, and thick clotted stuff,
Strain all through a handkerchief, snotted with snuff,
Add a pint or a quart of tough yellow phlegm,
From a cough that is rotten hawk'd up with a hem,
Then a pint of strong liquor from very sore legs,
Beat up in a dish with few rotten eggs;
Stew these in a bed pan just warm from the bum,
And stir it about with your finger and thumb;

Then

Then to this decoction add the spices follow,
Some cloves newly taken from teeth that are
hollow,

Some scabs from a scald head, some sweat from
the toes,

Some quids from the mouth, and some plugs
from the nose ;

But first the scabs moisten the quids and the
plugs ;

With the juice of sore eyes, and the liquor of
bugs ;

Season all with an onion pull'd from a sore ear,
Corruption and all—if it be not too clear.

Then add cabbage leaves taken of from a blister,
With a large liquid stool, procured by a glister ;

Then put in the pipe, that is just taken out—

If besh-t, 'tis the better, and stir it about,

And instead of your lemons, and oranges seville,

Squeeze in a child's t--d that has got the king's
evil.

But—if you would have it exceedingly nice,

Add of ear wax 1 ounce, from the head 3 sco-
lice.

And still an improvement is made to the dish,

If you add thereunto a few bits of proud flesh,

But a few fine peas, newly squeez'd from old
issues.

By all is agreed make it vastly delicious.

And if you would have it still thinner than this,

Dilute it to your taste with a little cat's piss.

Examined and approved by me,

A-Misco-Monficuro-Magirus.

The A T H E I S T.

CAPTAIN MACFITZ had been every thing
in his prime ; he had killed his man, ruined
his woman, broke his taylor, kicked waiters out
of windows, and nummed the parsons : he had
been a free thinker, a fine gentleman, a buck,

E

blood

blood and free speaker; quite the thing as a toast master, and one of the highest fellows formerly about the garden. All the women of spirit, both on and off the town, were fond of him. There was not one remarkable club, fit for a genius and a man of fashion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of that society.

But, alas! as the finest linen may, when grown old and much worn, be made into tinder, so natural is it for bloods about town, when, old and worn out, with tinder-like constitutions, to twinkle to the last in the same rotten condition.

The Captain had for some time past been a casual dependant on a publican, for board and lodging; but the poor gentleman falling sick was removed out of the alehouse garret, and carried in to an untenanted house, and uncurtained bedstead, a flock bed, and two or three hospital blankets, laid for him to die on.

It is common for chimney-sweepers to mark a house which is not inhabited and steal up the first time they find the door open to get the soot away: the maid of the alehouse had, that morning, very early, been to see how the Captain was, because she had dreamed of him that night three times successively; coming down carelessly she left the door ajar, this two chimney-sweep boys saw, and up stairs they darted into the room where the Captain was who at the very instant had taken up the chamber-pot and was kneeling on the bed, but at their appearance down he sunk frightened, overset the earthen ware urinal, and crept under the bed-cloaths in a very wet, terrifi'd and pitiful condition. The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Dr. Space presently came up stairs to see the Captain; they had been many years intimates: the Doctor was a great materialist and disprover of religion, a philosopher, orator and syllogism maker to the farthing fields society. Now altho' the Physician was a fine free-thinker, because he was a scholar; the Captain, who was a fine Gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friends opinions, as he did his medicines, upon trust.

Space, walking up the room, with all imaginable quack consequence, like an over lalary'd player's strutting at rehearsal, came to the bed-side, called out Captain. Capt. Macfitz; the Captain, shoving up the bed-cloaths with his head, discovered himself under a dirty night-cap and his lank cheeks, lengthened by the fright like an optical picture, and large globules of sweat standing in the wrinkles of his forehead, like pebbles in a plough furrow, looking gashfully on his physical friend, the Doctor, seating himself on the bed side, taking hold of his patient's hand, the following dialogue passed between them,

DOCTOR. My dear Capt. Fitz. here is a fetid smell, which intrudes itself upon my olfactories; pray how do you do?

CAPTAIN. Do--do—why I am damn'd, that's all, and you are damn'd and we are both damn'd, and there is two little devils gone up the chimney waiting till the wind rises to take away our souls.

DOCT: Captain, your ideas are coagulated; your pia and dura matter act inconclusively, the sensorium of your pineal gland is obnubilated: the valves of your imagination being too much relaxed to retain contact, you have a lucid capu

CAPT. Capot, yes yes, it is a capot, and repique too, Lucifer will repique us, and we are damn'd I tell you, can't you say one prayer for us both, do try, perhaps that would drive the devils off for an hour or so. Stay, I can say some of the Belief myself—As it was in the beginning is now—but I can't go on with it, Lord Lord, what a rogue have I been! I must be a fine gentleman indeed, and cut jokes upon Heaven, just to make the ladies laugh, and now Beelzebub will make me howl for it. I have often said that women have no souls, I wish I had no soul, what will become of me?

DOCT. Captain, I will investigate the non entity of such ideas instantaneously. the soul is nothing more than an exhilarated vapour, which rises from organs being put in motion, as you would observe smoke issue from the axle-tree of a broad wheel waggon. As to talking of devils, it is all a fable, and you have the whole romance of it in Paradise Lost.

CAPT. Yes yes, I have lost Paradise sure enough, what a miserable mummer I am. The devil fetch me. Lord forgive me for saying such wicked words, if I could live my time over again, before I'd be a buck, or a blood, or a high fellow, I'd black shoes. How many fine women's reputations have I taken away wrongfully! I shall be tossed upon the points of their pitchforks from one little devil to another for that. How many people's pockets have I picked at picquet and billiards; the imps will pick out my eyes for that. Then I debauched my friend's wife and told of it afterwards. They'll pull out my tongue with red hot pincers for that.

DOCT. Captain, I intreat attention; corporeal sensibilities are extinguished upon a dissolution of the material organ, I therefore succinctly will elucidate discriminately that such phantoms are heterogenous.

CAPT.

CAPT. O Lord, no more of your unintelligibleness, you used to tell me there was no hell, and I was such a fool as to believe you, for I was too fine a fellow to read myself. Now what signifies all your arguments, when there's two little devils up the chimney come to confute them, if you can dispute with them do, you used to be an orator and make speeches, do talk to the brace of diabolical ambassadors up the chimney, if they'll take my parole for three or four years, but they won't, for Belzebub has sent an action against both of us, I wish some good christian would give bail to it.

Just at that instant the boys had filled their sacks, and down dropt on the hearth; the room was instantly filled with soot dust. The Doctor was struck speechless, and the Captain once more retreated beneath the bed-cloaths, and creeping out at the feet bending like a posture-master, got that way under the bed, praying all the while as well as he could they would carry his friend to hell without him.

The two boys lugged the sack along the room which the Doctor observed, and turning down the blankets, and not finding his friend in bed, firmly believed the devils were dragging him off, and fearing that his turn would come next, opened the sash, crept out upon the penthouse, and was sliding off into the street, but luckily for him, a baker's boy with an empty basket going by received him, but the weight brought them all to the ground, the Doctor crying out, for God's sake help, help, there are two devils in that house flying away with my friend.

Away the crowd run up stairs, just as the two boys had brought the sack out of the room

to the landing place, but hearing people below, run up a pair of stairs higher, and left the sack upright at the door; the mob seeing something black stand upon the stair head, halted, and called a council. The Captain, who by this time had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and looked like an overgrown turtle, at the sound of the human voices cried out. His wet shirt was now dirt dried, covered with woolly sweepings, his night cap off, and hair all frized, he looked like a mad Hottentot. In that figure bare-footed he padded to the room door; the mob below seeing him coming, called out the devil, and run down stairs. He tumbled over the sack, the soot came out after him, and all covered with dust he tramped out of doors and ran over the way. It happened to be a barber's shop, who had just lather'd a customer, confusion immediately took possession of the family. The man in the suds ran one way, the barber another, the 'prentice hid himself in the necessary-house, and the wife crept into the washing-tub, while Capt. Fitz, availing himself of the affright, unperceived, crept up into the first floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and she was dead drunk in bed. Into the bed by her, in that miserable condition, the captain crept; but what the girl said when she awoke, nay the whole dialogue that passed between them, perhaps will be published in the next edition of the **ODDITIES.**

HIPPESLY'S DRUNKEN MAN.

SO, here I am, after all, thanks to a strong brain, a steady gait, and a sober understanding? the rascals thought to have sent me home drunk, but, I came away as sober as I'd wish to be. I cannot think

think what pleasure people take in getting drunk: it only serves to rob a man of his understanding, and makes his words totally un-in-tether in-ther-able — Betty. Betty, bring me a pint of half and half put it into one mug, and be sure you don't mix it, do you hear — Well I'll sit down a little, then I'll go to bed — why the back of this chair is behind, and that's more then ever I saw before — What have we got here? the newspaper, well let us see — [reads] "Yesterday, as a certain great personage was going in his chaise to Windsor, he fell asleep with the candle in his hand, and set fire to the bed curtains;" — well that might have happened, and all from the carelessness of the driver — [reads again.] "Extract of a letter from Rome. A few weeks ago his Holiness the Pope was brought to bed of twin's" — that's a damn'd lie — [Reads again] "On Saturday next the little manager in the Haymarket will shut up his theatre" — Well that's tit for tat, he has done all he can to shut up another man's theatre, and now he's obliged to shut up his own. Reads again: "The theatre Drury-lane will open on Saturday next, with the School for Scandal and the Quaker." — Why that's a propos enough, they have acted scandalously, and now are quaking for fear. Reads again. "On Monday the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, will open with the Merry Wives of Windsor, or the humours of Sir John Falstaff." Why that's a propos too, for they have been leaning upon a false staff all along. Reads again: "Deserted, about the beginning of June last, Mr. Quick, comedian." Deserted! why I never knew he was a soldier. Oh; deserted from the Royalty Theatre I suppose they mean. Reads again. "Yesterday two gentlemen of property at the east end of the town were forced out of Covent Garden theatre for hissing, and carried before Sir Sampson Wright, who found out they were right, told them he did not at first ford into the business, but now he was able to

to Drive into it, he perceived a Small—Coleman was at the bottom of it, was sorry they had been so Harris'd; and quickly discharged 'em." [Rises.] I went to dine with my Lord what d'ye call um yesterday, and he took me to the race ground to see his horse run, so he lost the first heat and won the second: so says I, my Lord I give you joy: joy of what? says he, your horse is come in first at last. First at last, my Lord, what do you mean; why he came in behind before. I asked a friend the other day to go along with me to see the play of Hamlet, Prince of Dunkirk. Hamlet, Prince of Dunkirk, says he, I never heard of such a man and I have got all the Roman Emperors in my closet at home, but I dont know any of their names that begins with an H, except it be Titus Vespasian — An odd accident hapdened in my family the other day; the coachman and cook quarrelled about who had travelled farthest, so in the seuffle the cook pushed the coachman into the dripping-pan. damn me, says the coachman, but I have travelled farther than you, for I have been into Greece, and so he had, for he was all over grease. — I dont suppose there is a man happier than I am in a family, have as good a wife as a man would wish to part with, and as fine children as a man would stick a knife into, there's my little boy Tom, he writes two very fine hands, one he can't read himself, and the other nobody else can read for him; my boy bill had a terrible accident happened to him the other day, in turning round the corner of a street he ran against a lawyer, and has never been able to speak a word of truth since; my little daughter Sal is a sensible slut, she was in the kirchen the other day, and her mother was taking a red hot iron out of the fire to put into the heater, the child clapt her hand upon it, and damn me if she did not take it away without bidding she's so sharp I dont think she can live long; she spent a week with the parson of the parish some time ago

ago, and curse me if she did not mend his black stockings with white worsted, and sent the parson hopping to church like a magpie — Where the dévil shall I hide my money to night, my wife always searches for it? Oh! in the Bible, she never looks there, that's the best place by far, though she's very fond of the whole duty of man; she's very pious, she knocks off the heels of her shoes on a Saturday night that she mayn't go to church on a Sunday. Betty, Betty, that damn'd jade goes up Stairs forty times a day, and never comes down again. Betty, I say Betty.

The entertaining and facetious History of
JOHN GILPIN, LINEN DRAPER,

Shewing how he went further than he intended, and
 came home safe at last.

As humorously delivered by Mr. HENDERSON,
 with repeated applause, at the Free Mason's
 Tavern.

JOHN GILPIN was a Citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A Train band Captain like was he
 Of famous London town.
 John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No hollicay have seen,
 To morrow is our wedding day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

My

My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
 On horseback after we.
 He soon replied I do admire
 Of woman kind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.
 I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the Calender
 Will lend his horse to go.
 Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that's well said
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is so bright and clear.
 John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
 O'erjoy'd was he to find
 That though on pleasure she was bent
 She had a frugal mind.
 The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, least all
 Should say that she was proud.
 So three doors off the chaise was staid,
 Where they did all get in,
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To clash through thick and thin.
 Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Where never folks so glad;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.
 John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again.
 For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,

When.

When turning round his face he saw
 Three customers come in.
 So down he came for loss of time
 Although it griev'd him sore,
 Yet loss of pence full well he knew
 Would grieve him still much more.
 'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind;
 When Betty scream'd into his ears
 The wine is left behind.
 Good lack! quoth he, yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise.
 Now Mrs. Gilpin, careful soul,
 Had two stone boottles found
 To hold the liquor which she lov'd.
 And keep it safe and sound.
 The bottles had two curling ears,
 Through which the belt he drew;
 He hung one bottle on each side,
 To make the balance true
 Then ever all, that he might be
 Equipt from top to 'oe,
 His long great cloak, well brush'd and neat,
 He manfully did throw.
 Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
 With caution and good heed.
 But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gail'd him in his seat.
 So fair and softly John did cry,
 But John he cried in vain,
 That became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb or reign.

So stooping down as he needs must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the main with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.
 Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.
 The horse, who never had before
 Been handled in this kind,
 Affrighted fled, and as he flew
 Left all the world behind.
 The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.
 Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung,
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 HAS has been said or sung.
 The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all
 And every soul cried out well done!
 As loud as they could bawl.
 Away went Gilpin, who but he;
 His fame soon spread around,
 "He carries weight, he rides a race,
 "'Tis for a thousand pound."
 And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.
 And how as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at one blow.
 Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,

And

And made the horses flanks to smook,
 As he had basted been.
 But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced,
 For still the bottle necks were left,
 Both dangling at his waist,
 Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And 'till he came unto the wash,
 Of Edmonton so gay,
 And there he threw the wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.
 At Edmonton his loving wife,
 From the balcony espied,
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much,
 To see how he did ride.
 Stop John Gilpin here's the house,
 They all at once did cry,
 The dinner waits and we are tir'd ?
 Said Gilpin so am I.
 But ah ! his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there.
 For why ? his owner had a house,
 Full ten miles off at Ware.
 So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong,
 So he did fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.
 Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 'Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.
 The calender, surprized to see,
 His friend in such a trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him.

So stooping down as he needs must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the main with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.
 Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.
 The horse, who never had before
 Been handled in this kind,
 Afrighted fled, and as he flew
 Left all the world behind.
 The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.
 Then might all people well decern
 The bottles he had slung,
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 HAs has been said or sung.
 The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all
 And every soul cried out well done!
 As loud as they could bawl.
 Away went Gilpin, who but he;
 His fame soon spread around,
 "He carries weight, he rides a race,
 "'Tis for a thousand pound."
 And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.
 And how as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at one blow.
 Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,

And

And made the horses flanks to smok,
 As he had basted been.
 But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced,
 For still the bottle necks were left,
 Both dangling at his waist,
 Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And 'till he came unto the wash,
 Of Edmonton so gay,
 And there he threw the wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.
 At Edmonton his loving wife,
 From the balcony espied,
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much,
 To see how he did ride.
 Stop John Gilpin here's the house,
 They all at once did cry,
 The dinner waits and we are tir'd ?
 Said Gilpin so am I.
 But ah ! his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there,
 For why ? his owner had a house,
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 And sore against his will,
 'Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.
 The calender, surprized to see,
 His friend in such a trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him.

What news, what news! the tidings tell,
 Make haste and tell me all?
 Say, why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you came at all.
 Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke,
 And thus unto the calender,
 In merry strains he spoke,
 I came because your horse would come,
 And if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road.
 The calendar, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.
 When straight he came with hat and wig,
 A wig that drop'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind,
 He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus shew'd his ready wit—
 My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.
 But let me scrape the dirt away,
 That hangs about your face,
 And stop and eat—for well you may
 Be in an hungry case.
 Said John this is my wedding day,
 And folks will gape and stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton
 And I should dine at Ware.
 Then speaking to the horse he said,
 I am in haste to dine,
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine,
 Ah! luckless word and bootless beast,
 For which he paid full dear,

For

For while he spoke, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear,
 Whereat his horse did snort as if
 He heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before,
 Away went Gilpin—and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He left them sooner than before,
 For why! they were too big,
 Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
 Her Husband posting down.
 Into the country far away
 She pull'd out half a crown,
 And thus unto the youth she said;
 That drove them to the bell,
 This shall be your's when you bring back
 My husband safe and well
 The youth did ride and soon they met
 He try'd to stop John's horse.
 By seizing fast the flowing rein,
 But only made things worse,
 For not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 He thereby frighted Gilpin's horse,
 And made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin—and away
 Went post boy at his heels;
 The post boy's horse right glad to miss,
 The lumber of the wheels,
 Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 The post boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry,
 Stop thief! stop thief—A highwayman,
 Not one of them was mute.
 So they and all that passed that way,
 Soon join'd in the pursuit.

Yet all the turnpike gates again
 I'lew open in short space.
 The men still thinking as before
 That Gilpin rode a race.
 And so he did and won it too,
 For he got first to Town,
 Nor stopp'd till were he first got up,
 He did again get down.
 Now let us sing—long live the king,
 And Gilpin long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see.

A CURIOUS LETTER

FROM

OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE.

SIR,

WILLIAM heving received a Letter from Sarah
 written by Charles, shewing the same to Roger
 who on perusal, said, he wondered that Richard
 should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with James about
 Abigail, who was so extremely ugly, and conse-
 quently shocking, because that Edward had refused
 though asked to go to the play with Catharine.

Whereupon Philip, falling in a passion with Titus,
 swore he would be revenged on Patrick and therefore
 called Thomas, rogue, rascal, &c. Stephen, who was
 an eye witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's
 friend, sily tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke
 Jeremiah's head, Cuthbert on this drew his dagger at
 Edward; and Archibald, trembling, with much ado,
 recovered his fright, reasumed his natural intrepidity,
 and

and in a cold sweat snatched Gilbert's pistol from Laurence and cocked his blunderbuss at Paul.

Whereat John being amazed, after some consideration, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Rachael, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and testament of Jacob, but Peter objected that, wisely alledging that Robert being sick, had sent word to David, who was lately married to Hannah to desire Jeffery, who had been taken in bed with Mark's Wife, to send his grandson Ralph to his cousin Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew Joshua, to go along with his brother Frank, to make up the matter amicably with his aunt Susan but she refused to go with Jack.

Yet nevertheless, recommended Frederick and Humphrey to Andrew, Simon and Luke : who after a long and grave consultation, ordered the music to play briskly, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew.

So that having drank plentifully at Ned's till they were all intoxicated, having nothing to pay the shot with, they drew their swords at Dick the landlord, stabbed Robin, fell upon Lancelot, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelius.

Thereupon Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke who had been a-sleep in Sally's lap, so incensed Walter and Martin that Miles and Zachariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles, glasses &c. at one anothers heads. At which Abraham, who was Molls bully, being enraged, took Benjamin civilly by the Throat, kicked Theophilus gently down stairs picked Abel's pocket while he was making his ad-

dresses to Nell, and at the same Time in the highest fury imaginable, smiling? calmly sent Barnaby, Toby, and Giles to the Round house.

At which Anthony, half drunk, soberly started up and having first reeled two or three times about the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech nothing to the purpose, and then asked what was the matter? Whereupon Bryan, in a low voice loudly whispered Aaron, and perceiving that Alexander was strangled, astonished at their silent noise, told Francis that his great grandfather Joseph was dead, at which unexpected news Nicholas awaked, and being in an ill humour, writ a soft love song, whistled an opera air, and then withdrew to a Neighbouring alehouse to drink a dish of chocolate with Dudley, which exasperated Job in such a surprizing manner, that none of the Company wondered at it, only indeed Valentine, in the height of his resentment could not forbear going to hang himself.

However Allen ran undesignedly to the gaol, in order to let out the aforesaid prisoners, and having without any noise, broke open the doors. freed Gerard, Margery, and Betty, who being apprehended at King's, by the timely assistance of Bernard, were carried next morning before Hugh Noble, Esq; a trading Justice in St. Giles's, and upon paying one shilling a piece, the whole affair was happily determined; which is the most exact account that can be given hereof, by

Your humble Servant,
OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE.

From such Examples of this and that,
We are all taught to know—I know not what.

To the READER.

IF the thought of a preface should in your head pop,
Then take in its place, the bill of my shop;
You may say this is ODD, perhaps you'll say true,
It may be so indeed, but I'm sure 'tis not new,
I've follow'd the steps of the spelling book class,
They place themselves first, I place myself last.

At No. 50, (now take notice pray,)

Bishopsgate Street, the little—a

(London is needless without doubt,

Only it makes the metre out,)

S. BAILEY, doth these Arts pursue,

Letter-press, Copper-plate and Music-printing too.

Performs

Performs and sells what is below ;
Read, and the Articles you'll know.

Well printed from my Office, go
Large posting Coach bills, those also,
For Waggon, Navy and Army,
Or small Hand Bills, to alarm ye,
Of Horses lost or stray'd Cattle,
And of stolen Goods or Chattle,
CLUB-BILLS t'invite those jovial souls,
Who Porter quaff or flowing bowls,
With Catalogues of this and that,
Stock or Goods no matter what :
Estate Partic'lars, Sales in Trade,
Or those which are by Candle made ;
Correctly done, sent home in Time,
Else I should deem it much a crime ;
Tobacco-marks of Jeff, that Joaker
Or others, for to suit each Smoaker,
And Copper-plates engraved neatly,
Repaired or printed quite compleatly.

As I do work at such a price,
'Twill suit the frugal or the nice :
Shop Bills I have printed long ago,
At the Rate of Five Shillings as many know,
Per Thousand ;—or as Size and Papers vary,
Then a different Price they carry :

For

For cards, (the best,) mind what I say,
 One Hundred 2s. 6d. you'll pay ;
 If then two hundred you should have,
 No more than Shillings Five I crave ;
 For five hundred, you pay me ten ;
 Eighteen one Thousand, will be done then,
 But if a common Card you'll have,
 A Trifle in expence you'll save.
 But then this Truth I must reveal,
 That I for ready Money deal.

The PRINTING done, 'tis Time to tell,
 What Goods I in my Shop do sell.

IMPRIMIS, Music of every Sort,
 Fit for the City, Town, or Court,
 Songs for Nymphs, and Swains that's dying.
 Or those who're tenderly complying :
 War ditties for the Brave and Bold,
 Likewise at my Shop are sold.
 Some hum'rous Extravagancies,
 Made to tickle all your Fancies.

Instruction Books to teach with ease,
 By some call'd Tutors, if you please.
 Blank rul'd Books of various prices,
 And ditto Paper of all sizes,—
 Duettos, Trios and Cantatas,
 With charming Solas and Sonatas :

Quar-

Quartettos, and Quintett's the best,
 With Corelli, Handel and the rest.
 Of ancient Authors scarce and rare,
 And choicest modern works are here:
 Besides Fiddles, Bridges, silver'd Strings,
 With Bows and Pegs, and other Things:
 Strings, steel or Brass, and also Roman,
 There indeed, I'd yield to no Man.
 Cases of all Sorts, fine Guitars,
 Drums and Music for the Wars.
 Clarinets, Hautboys, English Flutes,
 And Desks, and Stands, and Fiddle Mutes;
 Fine Harpsichords and Spinnets too,
 That's either Second Hand or New.
 Basson, with Piano Fortes,
 And other Instruments, all sorts.
 Best Ruling Pens, Crow Quills and Reeds,
 Mouth Pieces. and what else there needs.

Music, writ out from any Master,
 So soon, there's few can do it faster;
 Transpos'd, if it should suit your Mind,
 To any Instrument you're inclin'd.

Your

Your Instruments when out of Tune,
 You may have them put in order soon;
 Neatly repair'd, if they require,
 Either in the Wood or Wire.
 But stop!—I had forgot to tell,
 German Flutes I have to sell;
 For Shillings six, (the price must win ye,)
 What many sell for Half a Guinea.
 (If not approv'd, at some Time hence,
 You may exchange at no expence.)
 Fifes at a Shilling, good and sound,
 As any in the Town are found.

§ If to learn Music you are inclin'd,
 A Teacher good you'll also find;
 Upon the Fife, Guitar, or Flute,
 Just as it may your Fancy suit;
 Twelve Lessons for a Guinea taught,
 Which sure a Trifle must be thought!
 He learns you by the Notes, 'tis true,
 Tho' not one Note before you knew;
 With other Instruments likewise,
 He teaches at a mod'rate Price.

NOTA Bene, those Ladies Fair,
 Willing to learn on the Guitar,
 May with a Female Teacher meet,
 One that you will allow compleat.

† Your Shop Bills also at any Time,
 You may have put into jingling Rhime;
 With Drinking, Hunting, Pastoral,
 Humonrous Songs or what you will
 In Poetry, wrote in any Measure,
 To set to Music when you've Leisure:
 And those fir'd with Poetic Wit,
 May have their Works to Music set.

Customers, then come along,
 To my Shop, lest you go wrong,
 Ask, you'll surely find the way,
 For Bishopsgate Street, the little—a,
 In what I promise, I'll not fail ye,
 I'm yours, &c.

S. BAILEY.

